

DOUBLE CHASE IN TOURNAINE

Two American Girls See the French Chateau.

THEY ALSO HAD AN ADVENTURE

Seeking Bits of Architecture for a Friend's New Home, but Englishman Pursued Them—What Was Object of His Quest?

TOURNAINE, France, Aug. 25.—Before they left home one of their friends had asked two American girls to look around and if they saw an interesting or unbackpacked bit of architecture to make a note of it as a suggestion for the new house that she was about to build. They had almost forgotten the mission until, climbing up the narrow street of Loches to the royal chateau, it suddenly came to them that there was much beauty in the fine old Renaissance houses on both sides of the way and that the windows of the turreted and mutilated fifteenth century gateway might look well in the new house.

But a closer observation convinced them that other ideas hurriedly presented themselves. The upper part of the facade they had seen in a Fifth Avenue residence and the lower part in one in Madison avenue, while a particularly fascinating window and doorway were reproduced in a big apartment house that they passed almost every day. It was a consolation, though, to think that all Tournaise, the architectural inspiration of so many beautiful American homes, lay before them. This consolation, however, had not been their until after they had reached Tours, for figuring on trains and on days that chateaux would be open to visitors they had made up their minds that they could see only three. A young Englishman, who had helped them out of several dilemmas, advised a motor car as a means of seeing all the larger places and still consuming fewer days at it. And in accordance with this plan a speedy little car, which with chauffeur's tip and luncheon cost not more than \$5 francs a day, landed them at the ancient gateway of Loches.

When Louis IX Disputed. It was not the pursuit of their architectural mission that made the old domain of the castle interesting, but rather of the reminders of Louis XI, without whom as a character no French romance or melodrama of the good old time seemed exactly complete. It was here that this little old gentleman installed these two pages that were used for correcting minutes and convincing enemies, and it was in these underground prisons that he had his efficiency tested. What Cardinal La Roche, who was one of the victims, suffered because of much more of a reality and less of a fiction than ever before.

Of course there were women in the stories of this grim old place, in the church near by is the offertory of Anne of Brittany, whose name appears so often in connection with Tournaise castles, and with the same church is also associated the name of Agnes Sorel, la belle des belles, of the court of Charles VII. Her tomb in black marble with a statue of herself, hands demurely folded, in white marble and little angels kneeling on either side once stood in the choir. Some one got associated at the idea of her ashes resting in that place and had the tomb removed to a hall in the castle. Loches at that is ahead of several other Tournaise castles. La Guerche, for instance, has not been able to establish that she really occupied the room pointed out as hers, or Chinon, where Charles first fell under her sway and where he built her a house with a secret passageway. Nobody is certain of her house or secret passage, but Loches certainly has her tomb.

Excitement of Gardening. It was pleasant to go out into the sunlight and to watch an old gardener who was hoeing in what once was the castle moat. He stopped long enough to say that his garden was quite profitable, not only on account of the vegetables that he raised but also because of what he might find. Once his spade turned up the entrance to a secret gallery, and he doesn't know now but that when he pulls carrots he may not uncover something interesting. It might be a plan worth trying by any one who might happen to have a ruin on his property.

When the girls were back in their car they found the young Englishman waiting for them. He had sent his mother and sister on ahead but had stopped to inquire if his plan was working well. "I wonder if that young man is going to continue to look after us," one of them said as they were speeding on toward Chenonceaux. "He seems to have thought it incumbent upon him ever since we met so familiarly at Saint Malo and they discovered that my English relatives are their neighbors in Sussex. I don't think that we shall go back to Tours tonight."

They stood on the way at Amboise. The memory of the massacre of the Conde party still hangs over the beautiful place, and as they stood by the windows on the river side they could not forget that the women of the house of Guise had found an after-dinner spectacle in looking at the defeated knights hanging from the balconies or drowning in the waters of the Loire below. The place has undergone more restoration than any other of the royal residences, and of the rich interior decoration nothing of special worth remains.

One Free from Crime. But in Chenonceaux they revealed, it seemed a woman's chateau; it was free from the stain of crime and its stories were of Gabrielle and Françoise de Merceur, Diana of Poitiers, Mary Stuart. There were memories of Catherine de Medici, the wife of Jean Jacques Roussier's little theater and the plays that he produced for the entertainment of a summer house party.

A carved oak door opened into a long vestibule that divided the house into two parts, one for the needs of a modern establishment, the other preserved in the style of the sixteenth century. The former is used by Mr. Terry, a wealthy Cuban gentleman, to whose family is due the credit of the restoration of the place, upon which they have spent about 3,000,000 francs.

In the old part of the chateau the girls wandered among the bedrooms where had slept the beauties of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and into salons where they had gossiped and into a chapel where they had made their devotions. Then by way of contrast they descended into the lower regions and found space enough for a prison, Catherine de Medici's bath, kitchen, bakeries and a dining room for the chateau's retinue of sixteenth and sixteenth centuries and into salons where they had gossiped and into a chapel where they had made their devotions. Then by way of contrast they descended into the lower regions and found space enough for a prison, Catherine de Medici's bath, kitchen, bakeries and a dining room for the chateau's retinue of sixteenth and sixteenth centuries and into salons where they had gossiped and into a chapel where they had made their devotions.

"You are American," I can tell by the way that you talk," she said. "Won't you please tell me what this is? Oh, Chenonceaux. I didn't know it was that or some other place whose name looks like it. And Amos didn't know either. My eyes are sore for myself."

The guidebooks that we have are not enlightening and this chauffeur is so stupid that he can't understand a word of Amos' French, although the boy spent four years at the best college in our state. I have heard so much about these chateaux—at our culture club last winter one of the women read a paper every week upon one or another of them, and I said that as soon as I got to France I would make straight for here. And I have heard so much about their architecture.

"I know this, that if we were to build a house across the Sagamore creek so that house built over that stream the county authorities would have us arrested. Here comes Amos now and I shall hear all about it. Thank you, my dears, for stopping so long with me. It's so nice on a foreign shore to hear your native tongue." And she was off on her proxy tour of Tournaise.

Dinner and a Ball. At the Bon Labourer, the neat little village inn, the girls found as guests a New York artist and his wife, and they sent the chauffeur back alone to Tours with directions to return early the next morning. Dinner for the four that evening in the quaint candle-lit room, with the curtains drawn close and candles on the tables, was a pleasantly long drawn out affair.

The day's carns seem to drop off the shoulders of the villagers; even the hostess and white-capped, rosy-cheeked maid were in no hurry and they had plenty of time for a chat between courses. Before the last word on art and architecture had been said and the last cup of black coffee drunk the town had gone to bed, but when they went to the door for a glimpse of the moonlight on the roof and chimney of the chateau there came the faint sound of music.

"A ball at the castle tonight," said the artist, "and an orchestra from Paris." His wife smiled. "Suppose that we walk in that direction," she said.

They walked down to the dark little street and finally in a cobbler's shop under the only light still burning in all the village was the town brass band, just such an American hamlets some times produce, tooting away for dear life, each man on his own time and tune. That painter's opinion on architecture may be valuable, but when it comes to music it may be questioned as an opinion, with which even the artist himself agrees.

Persistent Englishman. The maid had just brought up their coffee the next morning, when peeping out between the curtains the girls saw the young Englishman who had come to the door in his car, inquiring with an air of much anxiety if two Americans had remained there over night.

"What an adventure this, just to drop down at a little French inn!" they heard the dowager like mother remark and then laugh heartily. "No telling what might have happened. Only American girls would do it."

"Britannia protests!" exclaimed one of the girls, striking a statuesque pose with the serving water as shield. They started down the Loire valley, the Garden of France, past Tours and the pepper box towers of Luyves on a green side hill, and stopped at Langeais. This fine old stronghold, intimately associated with Anne of Brittany, has a peculiar interest now in that, through the death of M. Seigfried, it has come into the possession of the Institute of France and its collected treasures are to be preserved intact.

Along Restored Corridors. The work of restoration has been so admirably done that in walking through the halls of the heavy walled old castle the romances of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have so good a setting that one can feel that they might have been real after all. The rooms look as if they might have been lived in and that you are perhaps a guest, with the shabby little queen who once lived and ruled there in the very next apartment. There were bits of furniture here and a corner of a room there that came in for a mental note for that new American home. An interesting deviation from the prevailing style was in a bedroom of the thirteenth century. Fitted with all the details of tapestry and carpets there was a bed that seemed a sort of balustrade placed on four uprights with openings on each side so that one might slip in between the clothes without much effort. Beside it was a chair of the same period and a candlestick and the curtains were all tacked up in a baglike bundle in accordance with ancient custom. If that new American house does not have a thirteenth century bedroom it will not be for want of two strong advocates.

They dreamed to leave so much of pleasing interest, but further along was Amos de Rideau with its many attractions. The chimneys of this chateau were just appearing above the treetops when at a turn they came upon the car of their English friend disabled by the roadside. An obliging party had picked up the two women and their English friend and the girls to do but to act the part of good Samaritans and offer the vacant front seat to the young man.

When the chateau sprang suddenly into view from among the rich foliage and gorgeous surroundings it seemed to them that it deserved all the praise that had been given it as a perfect specimen of French Renaissance. Instead of being built as Chenonceaux across a river it was built on a rise in the Indre. Halsea in telling the story says that the builder wished to go just a bit further than the designer of Chenonceaux. The aged guardian of the place took down the volume and cited the passage, and then read: "And thus, forsooth, is this chateau one of the most graceful and elaborate of the chateaux of beautiful Tournaise, and thus does it ever bathe in the Indre like a gaudy pavilion, adorned with lacelike pavilions and windows."

The place was bare of furniture of the age to which the building belonged and one of the visitors made bold to ask the reason. "The old man heinoned and glanced at the young man. Story of One Chateau. "I suppose that he wants me to explain that it was all on account of our aristocracy," he said. "In the decadent days of the chateau when no one would rent it, a school for young English aristocrats was open. The pupils came home one night quite hilarious and pitched everything out of the windows, making an end of the furnishings and the school. Azay-le-Rideau's history was much concerned with financial troubles, and in its later days many efforts were made to dispose of it to rich Americans, and once or twice bargains were almost consummated. But at last France bought it and turned it into a museum and relief of the people of its towers, like those of Chenonceaux, have anxiously regarding its fate. Its facade and interior are reproduced in American buildings. As you go on down the Loire you feel that you are truly in Babala's land, for it was here that he lived and wrote. The rugged scenery, the rich river pasture land and the vineyards from which come the reddest of wines are the natural scenes for the people that you still see in the fields, genial, primitive, joke loving and perhaps somewhat lax as to morals just as they were in his days. At last Chinon stretches across the summit of a great hill to the south. The Amer-

icans wandered among its massive ruins and thought of the stories and romances that had their there scenes. "This was an English stronghold, and King Henry II made it his favorite residence on the continent," said the young Englishman, who had constituted himself their guide. "And I believe it was here, too, that Jeanne d'Arc came and, arousing the French to action, put the English forever off," answered one of the girls laughingly.

On the way back they stopped at Chinon, where stands the dismantled castle of Henri Coeur de Ruse, the young favorite of Louis XIII, who had the temerity to conspire against Richelieu and as a result was beheaded. The cardinal had ordered the building completely destroyed, but his orders happily were not fully carried out, and so today the walls and supports for shade and storehouses of the farmers and the interior is a market garden. "Castle of 'Queenin Durward.'" Just before reaching Tours they turned aside to see what remains of Louis XI's famous chateau, Pleissais-le-Tour. If one had come primed with the description that Scott gives in "Queenin Durward," he would meet with a keen disappointment, for only a small part of the chateau remains and the great grounds are now a market garden. The farmer's wife, impressed with the importance of the place, traced out to them the walls and the site of the old dungeons and even attempted to show a secret passage that led to the house of Louis' hangman Tristan.

They chose rather to ride to the house and found it in one of the narrow side streets. It is an interesting specimen of architecture, but said to say the house was never dwelt in by Tristan. Somebody thought that the tattered robe of Anne of Brittany, with which the facade is decorated, was the emblem of Louis' hangman. On their way next day to Blois they stopped at Chaumont. The De Broglie family, who own the chateau and live there part of the time, were just going there. Trucks were around the entrance—think of it; the great arch through which kings had entered and which today is covered with their crests—and the little prince with some of his companions were riding on a broomstick down the great vestibule.

One of Francis' Freaks. From Blois they went on to Chambord. They found so much of interest on the ground that surrounded the "colossal caprice" with its pinnacled roof terraces that most of their time passed there. They did not attempt to see many of the 200 and more rooms, but wandered around the great halls and up and down that curious stairway. What a contrivance that was for the gallants and ladies of Francis' court, with its two flights of steps so that people may ascend and descend without meeting. For a moment they did not meet, but what fascinating glimpses were there through the windows in the hollow newel of eyes and cheeks and well turned ankles. Old Francis may have designed it himself for that very purpose, for he seems to have been a lover of the great roof and in one of the rooms he scribbled when in a pique, "Toute femme varie." Brantome told this and highly imaginative historians of the old castle have since been distorting the stories and verse to suit their fancies. Just as if Francis was the first to make the discovery.

They had lingered so long that it was almost dark when they went to the car to return to Tours. They found the young Englishman awaiting them at the hotel. "I could not think of allowing you to return at this time of the day all that fifty miles by yourselves," he said.

What They Had Got. It was a delightful ride in the fresh evening air along the good, straight French road between rows of poplars and white, through quiet villages, with new and then a glimpse of the Loire like a silver streak in its borders of green. If there were any speed limits the chauffeur must have exceeded them, for they were back in time for dinner. That evening the hotel garden under the moonlight they caught up their accounts.

"We have a tower for Mary's house that we got at Chenonceaux," said one, "a fireplace at Langeais, a well from some place else, a bit of old chateau with a grand bit of castle wall. But I don't see in all such a city house. What we need—"

"I remember a pretty little villa out of the woods," said the other, "and 'Windows'" broke in the young Englishman quite seriously and somewhat pale. "There is a touch of Queen Anne in its architecture, and it is really in need of—and"

When the girls reached their room one sat down on the trunk and the other on the bed and looked quite solemnly at each other. "Do you suppose that he intended to—?" "Or he he, an American I would have known. But if he did, to which of us, you or me?"

CAT FOILS CHICKEN THIEVES

Climbs Pinnacle, Awakens Family, Trips Up Backyard and Starts Trouble.

To warn his master that thieves were stealing all his chickens, Cap, a handsome Matinee cat, belonging to Jeremiah Beverly of Fairfield, N. J., climbed to the piazza roof made of lead and iron feet to a window sill, scratched at the screen and meowed until the family was aroused recently. Beverly seized his gun and fired two shots at men who were filling bags with chickens. That was a phase of contention upon which Cap had not counted in trying to lead the chickens for the family and the chicken heads for himself. The explosion of the gun caused Cap to make a flying leap that carried him far out in the back yard. In an instant it was nip-and-tuck between him and the chickens, and the man who could get out of range first. Cap got tangled in the legs of one of the thieves and threw him heavily. The cat and the man rolled around on the ground a few seconds and there was the biggest sort of a rumpus. The thief succeeded in getting up and running away before Beverly could find shells to reload his gun. Cap was frightened so badly by the shooting that he did not show up until 10 o'clock in the morning.

The petting and the liberal portion of chicken pot pie, not to mention the raw heads that went flying toward compensating him for the fright he had received. None patted him more than did Gertrude Beverly, at whose window Cap had sounded the burglar alarm. She knew something was wrong as soon as she heard him, because he had never tried to get at that window before. In fact, as it was some feet above the roof of the porch, she did not know how he ever had reached it. It was when taking out the screen to let him in that she saw a light in the chicken house and saw him moving around. After the shooting and the escape of the thieves before the Beverlys went out and found two bags filled with chickens lying in the yard and a third bag partly filled in the chicken house. The thieves escaped in a wagon—New York Press.

The cost of a Bee Want Ad is small, but the results are large.

Another line we secured was the H. C. DEXTER CHAIR COMPANY, BLACK RIVER, N. Y., makers of a complete assortment of fine arts and crafts furniture, suitable for the library, living room or den, consisting of settees, chairs, rockers, upholstered in loose Spanish leather cushion seats and backs, library tables and book cases—also many art pieces.

Another purchase was from VALENTINE SEEVER COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, manufacturers of pretty parlor pieces. These come in three-piece suites and odd pieces, in mahogany and mahogany finish, in loose cushion effects.

These three sample lines make a display worth your while to inspect whether or not you intend to purchase. They were all bought at liberal discounts which permit us to place them on sale Commencing TUESDAY, September 7, at just about one-third less than regular.

Never before has such a magnificent showing of new fine furniture been placed on sale at such great price reductions. We Close Monday, Labor Day, at 12 O'Clock.

Orchard & Wilhelm 414-16-18 South Sixteenth Street

... GREAT ... Furniture Industry Grand Rapids, Mich. RIGHTLY NAMED THE FURNITURE CITY

The citizens may well be proud of their one hundred and more furniture factories, many of which are the largest in the United States. Another feature of the furniture industry is the exhibitions which are held twice a year, during the months of January and July. During these exhibitions from 600 to 1,000 manufacturers throughout this country assemble their lines in Grand Rapids in several large buildings that were erected solely for this purpose. Two of these buildings in particular cover more than one square block of ground space each, one of which is six stories, the other one eight. Besides these two immense structures are several of lesser size, used solely for this one purpose, the displaying of furniture manufactured outside of Grand Rapids and brought there and displayed in connection with the furniture manufacturers of that city, thus making it the largest furniture exposition city and display in the world. During the market season there are over 1,000 buyers from all parts of the United States and some from abroad go there to see this wonderful furniture display. At the close of these exhibitions a number of the manufacturers sell their lines of samples. We consider ourselves extremely fortunate in being able to secure three very prominent sample lines that were shown in Grand Rapids—that of the

ORINOCO FURNITURE COMPANY, COLUMBUS, INDIANA, who are probably the largest manufacturers of fine mahogany novelty furniture pieces in this country. Their line also embraces a very large assortment of library and parlor tables, work tables, tea tables, dinner wagons, bed room suites, console tables, tilt top tables, candle sticks, tea trays, book blocks, pedestals, etc., all of the highest character of genuine mahogany and choicest of designs.

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ONE TRIAL FOR FOUR MEN

Judge W. H. Munger Denies Motion to Try Alleged Bandits Singly.

ALL OF THEM ARE IN COURT

Their Attorney Excepts to the Ruling of the Court—Judge T. C. Munger Will Hear Argument on Abatement Motion.

The four alleged bandits, indicted for robbing the Overland Limited in Omaha May 22, Donald Wood, Jack Shelton, Frank Grigware and Fred Torgensen, were taken into the federal court Saturday morning to be present at the disposal of the motion of their attorney asking that they each be granted separate trials.

Judge Munger overruled the motion, to which an attorney filed exceptions. William Mathews, alias John Doe, alias William Marvin, was also brought before the court for pleading, he having moved a plea in abatement on the ground that John Doe was the man indicted, and that his client's name was not John Doe, but William Mathews.

Mathews filed an affidavit that he always bore the name of William Mathews, having been christened as such, and that he was no John Doe, nor did he ever go by that name.

In view of the fact that Judge Munger will leave this afternoon for Denver to sit as a member of the circuit court, it appears for the night that the motion of Grigware and Torgensen, he was unable to bring the argument on the motion for the plea in abatement. Consequently the hearing on the motion will be heard before Judge T. C. Munger, when Mathews comes up for arraignment.

Deputy Marshal Claude Hensel of Lincoln had charge of Mathews, Pinkerton Detective Miller of Jack Shelton, Policeman Devereaux of Frank Grigware alias Gordon, Deputy Marshal John Stiles of Donald Woods and Special Deputy Marshal David Baird of Fred Torgensen.

Woods and Torgensen have grown much thinner since their confinement and all have lost much of their bravado. Mathews has been shaved, shorn and brought here on loads and has grown fat on his confinement. Grigware and Shelton have changed very little since their first arrest.

BUTTERMILK CURE FOR AGE

Modern Foundation of Youth Said to Be Located in the Creameries. To live long and remain young would be a very desirable condition, but in old age an evil that can be overcome or slaved off. The popularized version of Metchnikoff's theory has held forth hopes of a greatly extended period of youthfulness to buttermilk drinkers. Metchnikoff found that the bacteria of putrefaction which cause indigestion, typhoid ailments and scurvy, which means old age, are produced mainly in the large intestine; he found also that certain microbes which are developed in

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One of the greatest achievements of the United Doctors, those master medical specialists who have their Omaha institute at 206 Neville Block, corner 16th and Harney streets, is the cure of Epilepsy. Epilepsy is a disease of the nerves, so terrible in its results as to make a strong man shudder, and bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened when they see a victim in his "fits" or spasms, and realize that ordinary medicine holds out little or no hope of a cure.

The victim of Epilepsy is liable to have a "fit" or spasm at any time. He may fall unconscious in the most dangerous places and be killed or maimed. But worst of all, Epilepsy usually grows worse with years, and if not cured, finally affects the brain, often causing insanity.

Many wonderful cures have been made and deep seated diseases of the blood and nerves have been made by the United Doctors in Omaha. Many cures in cases where ordinary doctors were powerless to ever help; cures that seem almost miraculous, but most astonishing of all is the ease and certainty with which these master specialists handle the worst cases of Epilepsy. A case in point is that of C. H. Scott of Wapella, Ill., who writes: "I had been afflicted with Epilepsy for about eight years. I would have attacks about every two weeks and would sometimes be as sick as six and seven in one night. I tried several different doctors and various patent medicines but none of them gave me any permanent benefit. Some treatments made me lots worse. "I began treating with the United Doctors five months ago and have been improving ever since. I have had only two attacks of any account since beginning treatment. I am now working out in the hot sun every day with no fear of having one of my attacks. I also had a bad stomach and poor digestion. That is also getting well. I now feel better and can do more work than for the past ten years and I owe all this to the thorough and skillful treatment of the United Doctors. "I am willing to answer all inquiries in regard to my case. C. H. SCOTT."

HAD SEVEN SPASMS IN ONE NIGHT

C. H. Scott of Wapella, Ill., Had A Terrible Experience With Epilepsy.

HE SUFFERED EIGHT YEARS

Finally Went to the United Doctors and Now Has No More Trouble

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D. C. SCOTT, D.V.S.

(Successor to Dr. H. L. Ramazzotti), ASSISTANT STATE VETERINARIAN, Office and Hospital, 2010 Mason Street. Calls Promptly Answered at All Hours. Phone—Office, 227-227; Home, 227-227. See Douglas 227-227. Omaha, Neb.

The Final Score IN THE WORLD-HERALD RELIABILITY CONTEST

Shows the Chalmers-Detroit "30" with the high score in the class "C" for cars selling from \$1,000 to \$1,999, and just one-half point below the best score made by any car.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Points. The Winner—a \$2,800 Car. Penetration. Road score perfect. Loose spring clip1 point. Loose oil plug on front spring . . . 1/2 point. Two muffler bolts loose2 points. Loose body bolt on dash1 point. Total4 1/2 points. Score, 99 1/2%.

We protested this award on the ground that this rod could not become disarranged even though the jam nuts were removed entirely and that the amount of penalization was excessive, unfair and entirely out of proportion with other penalizations—such as leaky gasoline line, 1 point; loose main engine bolt, 2 points; and many more serious items that were penalized but one point each. We have not been officially advised what action has been taken on this protest by the Board of Directors of the Omaha Automobile Club, but will ask you to compare the above mechanical records of these two cars and see for yourself which car was in the most perfect order after the hard two days' run.

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